

AMBIGUITIES AND COMMENT ABOUT DIVERS SPORTING TOPICS

DANGERS OF TRIPS ROUND THE WORLD

Home Run Haggerty Gives
Good Advice.

THE ALFALFAS' EXPERIENCES

Play Ball With a Monkey Nine on the
Strange Island of
Fulobenes.

"THERE is just one thing I would like to say to that bunch of New York ballplayers which is contemplating a trip around the world this fall, and that is, beware of the southwest coast of the island of Fulobenes on a dark, tempestuous night, with the wind thrashing in and the spray splashing. If they don't they'll likely get some surprise adventures like the Alfalfas got the time they won the Comedians' League Championship. An' Josh Haggerty took 'em around the world, or started to."

"We had whaled everything in the State of Kansas that year but the Birds-eyes, leaders of the Sunflower circuit, in the southern part of the State. When they challenged us for a series of seven games to decide the State championship Josh said it'd only give 'em prestige, or some word like that, if we played 'em, so we packed up an' started 'round the world. We wasn't afraid of 'em—not a bit. But, as I said before, Josh was a clever manager."

Not on the Map.

"I believe Josh looked for the island of Fulobenes on the map once an' he couldn't find it. But the good steamship Detonate found it one night two days out of Frisco in just such a storm as I've described, an' she went ashore on the rocks just off the southwest corner. The captain an' a gang got into a boat an' rowed one way, an' the first mate an' some more got into another boat an' went another way, an' the second mate took the rest in his boat an' piped off after the captain, an' left me an' Josh Haggerty an' the rest of the Alfalfas a hunkin' onto a life raft on the deck up where they keep the wind-pipes."

"Well, we finally slid the old raft down an' got ashore with our duds. It was the dead of night, an' we camped out on the sand, though Reggie said the proper thing to do was to sleep in a tree, like Robinson Crusoe did. We didn't see any trees so we could climb—only tall, straight poles with a little green at the top; an' if Robinson climbed one of 'em he was ready to go to bed when he hit the top."

A Looker On.

"When we woke up in the mornin' the storm had gone down, the sun was shinin', the air was balmy, an' a old guy with long whiskers an' a long stick an' a durn long face was lookin' at us. 'Josh says 'Hello, Bill,' to him, an' asked him what part of the United States this is. Then the old guy looked at us with a beseechin' look, an' finally he says:

"'I wish for cucumber seeds, not for no durn ten men to eat up my little store of provender.'

"That puzzled us a bit, an' Josh put on his most managerial air an' cross-examined the guy, an' finally the feller says his name was Robinson.

"'Crusoe?' says the bunch.

"'Not on your life,' says the whiskers. 'Not much. I'm the only descendant on this here island of the far-famed Swiss Family Robinson.'

"'See?' says Josh. 'He's the big guy that ketches for the Baltimoreans.'

Last of Mythical Family.

"'No, no,' says the only descendant, an' so on. 'You're wrong. This is the famous Swiss Family Robinson in the story books. No relation to nothin' you know. You've read about us. Don't you remember, we wuz cast ashore on a desert island an' couldn't get nothin', only by wishin' fer it? We wished strong enough we got it—gen'ly it was cast on the shore at our very feet. Well, the other day I wished for some cucumber seeds, an' here I git 'em—an' I got to board ye till the next whaler comes along."

"We said that was about it, an' then he took us to a hut an' showed us how the original Robinson family lived in a tree, but he said since he got stuck in a cavin' too quick after a ball game he hadn't lived up there.

"Then there was a plot, an' no mistake, take at findin' a ballplayer out there. An' when we told him we were a ball nine he most had a fit from joy.

"'To don't say 'Do tell!' was all he e'd say, his heart beat too full for utterance. Then he told us an' left the States about the time it was nine balls take your base an' a foul on the bounce was out, but that he had kept playin' through all these years, an' each year he'd wished for the new book of rules, an' it had been washed up on the shore, likewise balls an' bats—or that's what we understood him to mean."

The Lost One's Name.

"'But,' says Josh, 'all these years, how'd you keep playin' ball? You couldn't play alone. Who's here with you?'

"For answer old man Robinson tooted a whistle he had 'round his neck, an' there was a patterin' rush of feet 'm all sides, an' in half a minute durned if there wasn't standin' in front of us ten of the biggest monkeys an' apes and chimpanzees you ever see."

"'This here is my ball nine,' says he, 'the greatest aggregation ever got together. I used to play first base till I stiffened up. We got 'em all, however—pitcher, catcher, first, second an' third bases, an' left right an' center fields. An' the rangatang here is the coacher—the fuppiest puttin' me says I to Josh, 'you're cert'nly puttin' me in between the devil an' the deep sea.'"

Almost Unbelievable.

"Well, to say we were flabbergasted is puttin' it mild. The idea of the thing! A nine of monkeys, with griller an' rangatang an' chimpanzees chucked in fer us to think that we just stood there big-eyed. But Josh was skeptical. He said he didn't think they could play—they might be able to toss the ball around, an' run, but as for all-round ball playin' he wanted to be shown. So old man Robinson, kind of testy over the way Josh doubted him, led the way to the ball grounds, which was the hard,

Great John L. Sullivan Never World's Champion

Although Greatest Fighter of His Day He Did
Not Earn Title So Many People
Bestow Upon Him.

"Was Sullivan ever champion of the world?" That's the question that comes to this office oftener than any other sporting query we receive.

And why? Because John L. was always the popular idol of the American fight goer. He has time and again been billed as the champion of champions and all other titles that could be bestowed upon him.

Never World's Champion.

The truth of the matter is that Sullivan was never champion of the world, says Otto Floto. He never in his entire career defeated a foreign champion. Sullivan fought Mitchell twice. Once they fought a draw in France and another time Sullivan gained a "police decision" at Madison Square Garden in New York.

Mitchell was never champion of England. He never claimed it himself. Mitchell was purely and simply the boxing champion of Great Britain. Outside of his battle with Jack Burke, on the Ascot race track, and his battle with Sullivan in France, he never met Sullivan in a ring. Sullivan, however, won the title at all times, and even today, govern the championships of England.

Don't think that Mitchell wasn't a great fighter. For he certainly was, and no man of his weight and inches could beat him in his day at any kind of rules.

That, however, doesn't alter the fact that Mitchell was never champion of England.

When Charlie first came to this country, Jack Knifton, the "Eighty-one Pounder," held the title as nearly as it could be held. Then Jim Smith was the proud possessor of the emblem, and later on Peter Jackson by his defeat of Smith, won the coveted prize. Then

Unladylike Egg Hit Twirler, But Incident Made Him Strong With the Crowd.

"On a team I was with down South one season," says Fred Abbott, "was a pitcher of the name of Ruderman, who could get out in the field as good as he was in a way a rough sort of fellow, and the fans had it in for him almost worse than they had for the club."

"One day when the team for which Ruderman was pitcher was losing the game as well as it possibly could, the crowd got sore. It also got something else. Ruderman got it later."

"Just as he wound up to pitch, someone in the bleachers raised up in his seat and 'saw something. Bing! Ruderman caught it behind the ear, and the contents of a big egg spread over his countenance."

"Ruderman dropped the ball, clapped his hands to his nose and with the other left hand removed the debris from behind his ear. Then he slowly turned to the bleachers and with a sickly smile said to the man who had heaved the egg: 'If I had your control I'd win a durned sight more games.'"

"And with the full consent of the crowd he took up his stand in the box and with the contents of the bleacher, he took him up, steadied himself and won the game."

regular, an' the other fellers couldn't do no better for when you're up against an' a feller that can ketch an' throw with all four feet, in any position, you can't get anything safe, infield or outfield. After that 'gill' Robinson was a bunt an' Josh got sweeter an' sweeter on him every minute."

A Safety Spot.

"Well, in that last half of the twenty-third, when it seemed that the island of Fulobenes was paper—if they have any—would have to say 'called on account of rain' tide,' after their accounts of the game, I picked up my bat an' prepared to make the third out in the innin'."

"An' as I walked up to the plate Pinch Hobbs ketches me by my arm an' says: 'Flag, down in deep right, where the risin' tide is slowly comin' up towards that little point—do you see that?'

"I nodded.

"'See somethin' looks like a stick in the water out there?'

"I nodded again. I saw it.

"'Well,' says he, 'my nautical education gained in brakins' on freight trains tells me that's a shark out there. Now if you put the ball out as far as him,' says he, 'why the monk in right won't dare get under it, an' you'll get a homer an' we'll win. Think you can do it?'

Figure it Out.

"I measured the distance with my eye. It was a longish rap. Still with me an' that grinnin' griller ketcher weighin' in the balance, I thought I might make it. So I nodded again an' clinched my hands an' braced my feet."

"'Crash!' I planted the first ball that the brown chimpanzee sent up. The minute it left the bat I see it would fetch out to his sharklets, an' run down to the first."

"The blue monk in right he went 'like a blue streak back after that ball—never heedin' sand nor water nor nothin'. Splash! Splash! He went in to his waist, an' just as he turned to ketch that homer the 'n we'd been watchin' went out o' sight an' the monk gave a screech an' a big ugly white belly came out o' the water. The next minute the ball came down like a rifle bullet, struck the shark a tremendous blow in the jaw, an' bounced right into the sea, an' the blue monk let loose by the shark's doublet up after the crack, bounced out into the sand—an' the game was over an' we won."

"Old man Robinson said that it took nature herself to beat nature's ball team, an' just because his right feller's leg was hurt by the shark, makin' him a man short, he wouldn't let the griller ketcher go—so Josh's over-zealin' didn't win out after all. Robinson had an important game booked for a week later with a team of wild men from Borneo, an' we'd like to a stayed an' seen the game, but we couldn't, as a whaler hove along, just then, an' we embarked for Australia."

THREE CUSHIONS NOW IN FAVOR

Fast Supplanting Straight
Rail Billiards.

MORE ACTION REQUIRED
Does Away With Long, Tedious
Waits—Most Popular in
America.

The rapid and seemingly ever-increasing popularity of the three-cushion billiard game is proving a source of wonderment and regret to the masters and experts of the regulation game.

It is contended by the professional billiardists that in the three-cushion game, unless played by professionals, the element of chance enters too largely to make it really a scientific game.

It is also claimed that all the delicacy and skill required to play the French game are merged into a condition of shoot hard and trust to the ball handling in the right place eventually in the three-cushion game. As a result, experts grown upon the three-cushion game and rarely can be persuaded to play it, claiming that it destroys their stroke, as does pool playing.

Game Grows Popular.

Nevertheless despite the condemnation of the experts, the three-cushion game has to a great extent ousted the straight rail and even balk-line game in the United States.

An old-timer, discussing the game at one of the billiard halls a few days ago, evolved a novel solution of the situation. "I know," he said, "that the three-cushion game is more popular in the United States than anywhere else in the world. Of course it is not played in Eng-

land, because the English game is a sort of pool, and I also know that it is not played to any great extent in France, as well as other European countries where knights of the cue flourish."

"The average citizen of the United States is more or less sportively inclined, but not like the Englishman or Frenchman."

Plenty of Action.

"In the vernacular he screams for action all of the time, and the three-cushion game is on the same deadly parallel as is cricket to baseball."

"Both games are sports undoubtedly, but in one, the player is working all of the time, and in the other he has long and to us weary waits."

"This analogy holds true with the three-cushion game versus the straight rail or balk line."

"The American citizen is so constituted that he does not enjoy sitting watching his opponent do him up. He wants to be doing something occasionally, any way."

"Billiard players, as a rule, in the straight rail or balk game, can make a break from 20 to 50, and that takes time. It is harrowing for the American to sit by and watch a score of that magnitude being piled up while he is helpless."

No Long Waits.

"On the other hand, the three-cushion player who can run four or five is good. It is generally a case of shoot once and give the other man a chance, and in this way both players have plenty of action for the money they spend for the game, as well as for any opportunities to pull and work out their surplus vitality in throwing all of their hopes into a ball going just a few inches further or hitting a corner at the correct angle."

For these reasons I believe the three-cushion game is here to stay, and the old-time, easy, beautiful and graceful straight rail game is rapidly becoming a thing of the past."

BUILDING OF BEAUTY.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 10.—Those who have visited the Chicago and St. Louis expositions declare that the designs for the Government Building at the Lewis and Clark exposition indicate it will surpass in beauty anything hitherto attempted by the Government, and that the main exhibit building will establish a precedent in architectural beauty for Government exhibit buildings.

SALMON HABITS ARE CHANGING

Artificial Propagation Has
Changed Conditions.

FRIGHTENED IN HATCHERY
Nature Discloses to Fish No Spawning Ground in the Inclosure.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 10.—The large schools of salmon which have appeared in the Columbia at intervals the last three weeks offer an interesting study of the workings of nature. They also present the men interested in the salmon industry perplexing problems as to the methods to be followed in meeting the changed conditions which have been brought about, presumably by artificial propagation.

The fish now appearing in such large numbers are in appearance and state of maturity almost identical with the salmon which a few years ago entered the river early in July. The July "run" was from the earliest days of the industry regarded as the mainstay of the business, both for fishermen and the canners, the straggling runs which appeared earlier affording but slight profit to any of the parties concerned.

Would Affect Reputation.

It is for this reason that the increasing lateness of this run has been the subject of concern to fishermen and canners, and it has been proposed to change the law so as to prolong the open season and increase the catch of fish. A stronger argument against extending the season beyond August 15 has been that the quality of the fish entering the river after that date has deteriorated.

Interesting Theory.

Many interesting theories are current as to why artificial propagation should cause such a radical change in the habits of the fish. One theory, advanced by B. A. Seaborg, is that the fierce struggles of the parent fish when she is penned in at the hatchery retard the work of nature and transmit to her young instincts and traits which act for the suppression of natural development and prolong the period required for the spawn to reach maturity. Instinct causes the salmon to start for spawning grounds at the headwaters of a stream in time to reach there before the period of maturity in the spawn. Previous to the establishment of the L. C. hatcheries she followed the dictates of nature, care free and untrammelled by any unnatural obstacles, and the small progeny of young salmon which worked back to sea returned and fulfilled their destiny by the same natural laws.

Artificial Propagation.

Under artificial propagation the voracity of the female salmon to the headwaters of a stream is interrupted by the barriers at the hatchery. Nature discloses to her no spawning ground in these inclosures, and in terror she worries herself into exhaustion in frantic endeavors to pass the barriers and reach the spot where nature had intended she should deposit her egg spawn. In warm blooded creatures this worry and excitement might hasten matters in nature until she can reach the spot to which that strange prompting called instinct leads her undoubtedly has a retarding effect, which is perhaps intensified as it is transmitted to the young salmon.

to such an extent that the reputation of the Columbia River salmon would suffer by packing such fish.

It is now reported, however, that fish that are now being taken in large numbers near the mouth of the river are firm in flesh and of good color, and that the spawn is no nearer maturity than that of the fish taken in June and July years ago, before artificial propagation saved the industry from extinction.

Butler, Pa., Sept. 10.—Jesse May Smith, aged nineteen, of Tarentum, dropped dead while whirling around on a carousel at Alameda Park at the Macabees' picnic. Heart disease was the cause.

GIRL DIES IN CAROUSAL.

Butler, Pa., Sept. 10.—Jesse May Smith, aged nineteen, of Tarentum, dropped dead while whirling around on a carousel at Alameda Park at the Macabees' picnic. Heart disease was the cause.

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